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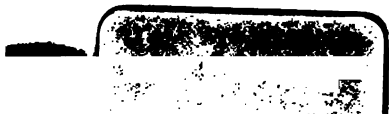
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WIT, HUMOUR,  
AND PATHOS.





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A LECTURE

ON

Wit, Humour, and Pathos.

DELIVERED AT BANSTEAD,

BY

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## WIT, HUMOUR, AND PATHOS.

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WHEN I last addressed you, I spoke of the advantages of a Reading Room; and I now propose to illustrate further that part of my former lecture which related more particularly to the theme of Reading. But I intend tonight to consider the subject chiefly in its lighter and more genial aspects; and looking at it thus, it may be classed, I think, (though humour and pathos are often nearly allied,) under three separate heads,—the witty, the humorous, and the pathetic. As a literary work, of whatever kind,—be it a story, a poem, or a play, or even an address, of as slight and unpretending a character as mine, ought, according to a well-known rule of art, to have, like nature, light and shade;



and as my last lecture, in which I treated the matter somewhat gravely, had, perhaps, too dark a colouring, I propose to commence the present one with a little *light*; throwing the more serious and pathetic portions of my subject for the present into the *shade*,—so as to form, as it were, something like the background of the picture, to diversify and, it may be, deepen the interest of the whole.

Speaking generally, wit may be said to relate to things; humour to persons. In wit we have always presented to us a sudden and unexpected contrast of *ideas*; while ludicrous and unexpected *incidents* are mainly the elements of humour. We have humorous sayings and witty sayings; but wit, strictly, is confined to saying. Thus, when we call a person witty, we mean that what he *says* is witty; but we should hardly, perhaps, talk of a man's witty behaviour; we should more correctly speak of his humorous conduct. Wit is purely intellectual; humour thoroughly impulsive. Wit looks, as it were, *within*, to educe fine and nicely-drawn distinctions, and is the faculty of discerning and comparing opposite relations in words or things. Humour looks *without*, noting, as

it does so, the contrasts in human nature itself, the idiosyncrasies and peculiarities of character. Wit deals and revels in felicitous illustrations, and may be said to live in the world of fancy. Humour, more homely, trudges along through the nooks and corners, by the highways and the bye-paths of this work-day world, and lives in the sphere of action. The essence both of humour and of wit is so far similar, that either exists through the force of contrast; and the reason of that contrast being broader and more striking in humour than it ever is in wit, is, I think, because—certainly in most instances, if not in all—there is either something that is ludicrous in the nature of the incidents, or something that is grotesque in the character of the situation that heightens the force of a humorous description, or gives emphasis and point to a humorous remark. We have a striking illustration of this definition of humour in the story of the Irishman who had an Englishman for his guest in an Irish hovel. The Irishman ekes out a scanty existence by keeping a pig, and he couldn't get on "at all, at all," without the pig; and, moreover, he keeps the animal in the very room (if room it can be called) where he

and his guest are going to dine,—an arrangement which, of course, outrages the Englishman's notions of ordinary decency and propriety. He therefore remonstrates with his friend upon having the pig there, just close to where they are, almost as if it was going to dine with them. "And what's the matter with the pig?" says the host; "hasn't he as much roight to be here as either of us? Isn't it *he* that pays the rint?" Here, as I have said, the quaintness of the Irishman's retort is heightened by the peculiar position of the persons concerned; and so with most observations that have more humour than wit, the sense of the ludicrous is mainly derived from the humorous nature of the incidents themselves, which, when they are not actually present, are at any rate implied. Thus, in the Irishman's boast of the capital dinner he had had, we should lose half the point if we did not mentally contrast the exaggeration of the statement with what we can pretty shrewdly guess to have been the real fact, that, of *course*, he had had nothing but potatoes; but, says the Irishman, "I have fared sumptuously, for I've dined on potatoes and beef—barrin the beef."

Of humorous description, we have an apt ex-

ample in Cowper's story, or, as it is styled by the poet, the "Diverting History of John Gilpin;" the point of which history consists in the laughable adventures of the hero, "who went farther than he intended, and came safe home again." As this piece is very widely and generally known, I should hardly be justified in reading all of it; but, as it illustrates what I have said is the essence of humorous narrative, I will venture to read a portion of the poem.

" John Gilpin was a citizen  
Of credit and renown ;  
A train-band Captain eke was he  
Of famous London town.

" John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,  
Though wedded we have been  
These twice ten tedious years, yet we  
No holiday have seen.

" To-morrow is our wedding-day,  
And we will then repair  
Unto the ' Bell ' at Edmonton,  
All in a chaise and pair.

" My sister and my sister's child,  
Myself and children three,  
Will fill the chaise, so you must ride  
On horseback after we.

. . . . .

“ The morning came, the chaise was brought,  
 But yet was not allow'd  
 To drive up to the door, lest all  
 Should say that she was proud.

“ So three doors off the chaise was stay'd,  
 Where they did all get in,—  
 Six precious souls, and all agog  
 To dash through thick and thin.

“ Smack went the whip, round went the wheel,  
 Were never folk so glad ;  
 The stones did rattle underneath,  
 As if Cheapside were mad.

“ John Gilpin, at his horse's side,  
 Seized fast the flowing mane,  
 And up he got in haste to ride,  
 But soon came down again.

“ For saddle-tree scarce reach'd had he,  
 His journey to begin,  
 When, turning round his head, he saw  
 Three customers come in.

“ So down he came, for loss of time,  
 Although it grieved him sore,  
 Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,  
 Would trouble him much more.

“ 'Twas long before the customers  
 Were suited to their mind,  
 When Betty screaming came down stairs,  
 ‘ The wine is left behind ! ’

. . . . .

- “ Now see him mounted once again  
Upon his nimble steed,  
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones  
With caution and good heed.
- “ But finding soon a smoother road  
Beneath his well-shod feet,  
The snorting beast began to trot,  
Which gall'd him in his seat.
- “ So, fair and softly, John he cried,  
But John he cried in vain ;  
That trot became a gallop soon  
In spite of curb and rein.
- “ So stooping down, as needs he must,  
Who cannot sit upright,  
He grasp'd the mane with both his hands,  
And eke with all his might.
- “ His horse, who never in that sort  
Had handled been before,  
What thing upon his back had got,  
Did wonder more and more.
- “ Away went Gilpin, neck or nought,  
Away went hat and wig :  
He little dreamt, when he set out,  
Of running such a rig.
- . . . . .
- “ Away went Gilpin—who but he ;  
His fame soon spread around—  
He carries weight, he rides a race,  
'Tis for a thousand pound.

“ And still, as fast as he drew near,  
 ’Twas wonderful to view  
 How in a trice the turnpike-men  
 Their gates wide open threw.

“ At Edmonton his loving wife  
 From the balcony spied  
 Her tender husband, wondering much  
 To see how he did ride.

“ Stop, stop, John Gilpin!—Here ’s the house,  
 They all at once did cry ;  
 The dinner waits, and we are tired :  
 Said Gilpin, so am I.

“ But yet his horse was not a whit  
 Inclined to tarry there,  
 For why ? his owner had a house  
 Full ten miles off, at Ware.

“ Away went Gilpin, out of breath,  
 And sore against his will,  
 Till at his friend’s, the Callender’s,  
 His horse at last stood still.

“ The Callender, amazed to see  
 His neighbour in such trim,  
 Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,  
 And thus accosted him :—

“ What news ! what news ? your tidings tell,  
 Tell me you must and shall—  
 Say why bare-headed you are come,  
 Or why you come at all ?

- “ Now, Gilpin had a pleasant wit,  
And loved a timely joke ;  
And thus unto the Callender  
In merry guise he spoke :—
- “ I came because your horse would come ;  
And if I well forebode,  
My hat and wig will soon be here,  
They are upon the road.
- “ The Callender, right glad to find  
His friend in merry pin,  
Return'd him not a single word,  
But to the house went in.
- “ Whence straight he came with hat and wig,  
A wig that flow'd behind,  
A hat not much the worse for wear,  
Each comely in its kind.
- “ He held them up, and in his turn  
Thus show'd his ready wit :  
My head is twice as big as yours,  
They therefore needs must fit.
- “ But let me scrape the dirt away  
That hangs upon your face ;  
And stop and eat, for well you may  
Be in a hungry case.
- “ Said John, It is my wedding-day,  
And all the world would stare  
If wife should dine at Edmonton,  
And I should dine at Ware.



- “ So, turning to his horse, he said,  
 I am in haste to dine :  
 'Twas for your pleasure you came here,  
 You shall go back for mine.
- “ Ah, luckless speech, and bootless boast !  
 For which he paid full dear,  
 For while he spake, a braying ass  
 Did sing most loud and clear.
- “ Whereat his horse did snort as he  
 Had heard a lion roar,  
 And gallop'd off with all his might,  
 As he had done before.
- . . . . .
- “ And now the turnpike-gates again  
 Flew open in short space,  
 The toll-men thinking, as before,  
 That Gilpin rode a race.
- “ And so he did, and won it too,  
 For he got first to town,  
 Nor stopp'd till where he had got up,  
 He did again get down.
- “ Now let us sing, Long live the king,  
 And Gilpin, long live he ;  
 And when he next doth ride abroad,  
 May I be there to see !

We have a poetical illustration of the effect of external circumstances in heightening the force of a laughable description in Pope's humorous

epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot, though it is hardly to be classed, exclusively, under any one of the three heads of wit, humour, or pathos; for it is really, I consider, a combination of all three. It is eminently witty, singularly humorous, owing so much of its point to the situation, while in some of the lines Pope describes the circumstances in even pathetic strains. He is beset from all quarters by hosts of persons with manuscripts, which they want to print, but first want Pope to read; and these wonderful productions are full of what their authors fondly imagine to be poetry—and they *are* full of verses, though, to judge from Pope's account of them, they must have been very like some of those juvenile performances which, when I was at school, were regarded, I remember, as the only sound orthodox test of poetical capacity and artistic skill, (just as saying the Alphabet backwards might be considered to show a turn for prose composition,) and which, initiating the youthful mind into the mysteries of Latin versification, were very properly, though somewhat illogically, termed *nonsense* verses. Now, just fancy Pope's feelings under the infliction of having to listen to such balderdash—

asked to correct the verses, if he doesn't like them, and to recommend and patronize the writers, if he does. Thus he describes his misery :—

“ Shut, shut the door, good John ! fatigued I said ;  
Tie up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead.  
The dog-star rages ! nay, 'tis past a doubt,  
All Bedlam, or Parnassus, is let out :  
Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,  
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.

“ What walls can guard me, or what shades can hide ?  
They pierce my thickets, through my grot they glide ;  
By land, by water, they renew the charge ;  
They stop the chariot, and they board the barge.  
No place is sacred, not the church is free,  
*Ev'n Sunday shines no Sabbath day to me :*  
Then from the Mint walks forth the man of rhyme,  
*Happy ! to catch me—just at dinner time.*

“ Friend to my life ! (which did you not prolong,  
The world had wanted many an idle song),  
What drop or nostrum can this plague remove ?  
Or which must end me, a fool's wrath or love ?  
A dire dilemma ! either way I'm sped ;  
If foes, they write ; if friends, they read me dead.  
Seized and ty'd down to judge, how wretched I !  
Who can't be silent, and who will not lie :  
To laugh, were want of goodness and of grace ;  
And to be grave, *exceeds all power of face.*  
I sit with sad civility ; I read  
With *honest anguish*, and an aching head ;

And drop at last, but in unwilling ears,  
 This saving counsel, 'Keep your piece nine years.'  
 'Nine years,!' cries he, who, high in Drury Lane,  
 Lull'd by soft zephyrs through the broken pane,  
 Rhymes e'er he wakes, and prints before term ends,  
 Obliged by hunger, and request of friends :  
 'The piece, you think, is incorrect? Why, take it ;  
 I'm all submission ; what you'd have it, make it ;'  
 " *Three things another's modest wishes bound,*  
*My friendship, and a prologue, and ten pound.*

" Bless me ! a packet.—'Tis a stranger sues,  
 A virgin tragedy, an orphan muse.'  
 If I dislike it, furies, death, and rage !'  
 If I approve, 'Commend it to the stage.'  
 There (thank my stars !) my whole commission ends,  
 The players and I are, luckily, no friends.  
 Fired that the house reject him, 'Sideath ! I'll print it,  
 And shame the fools—Your interest, sir, with Lintot.'  
 'Lintot, dull rogue ! will think your price too much :'  
 'Not, sir, if you revise it, and retouch.'  
 All my demurs but double his attacks :  
 At last he whispers, 'Do ; and we go snacks.'  
 Glad of a quarrel, straight I clap the door ;  
 Sir, let me see your works and you no more."

Lord Clare, in 1765, made Goldsmith a present  
 of a haunch of venison, when the Poet immortalised  
 the occasion in the following humorous  
 and witty verses addressed to his lordship. But

I cite them chiefly in illustration of the humorous, though they have as much wit as humour, because, here again, the sense of the ludicrous is mainly derived from the laughable nature of the incidents resulting from the misadventure of the writer :—

“ Thanks, my lord, for your venison ; for finer or fatter  
 Ne'er ranged in a forest, or smoked in a platter.  
 The haunch was a picture for painters to study,  
 The fat was so white, and the lean was so ruddy.  
 Though my stomach was sharp, I could scarce help regretting  
*To spoil such a delicate picture by eating.*  
 I had thoughts in my chambers to place it in view,  
 To be shown to my friends as a piece of *virtù*,  
*As in some Irish houses, where things are so, so,*  
*One gammon of bacon hangs up for a show :*  
*But for eating a rasher in what you take pride in,*  
*They'd as soon think of eating the pan it is fry'd in.*  
 But hold—let me pause—don't I hear you pronounce  
 This tale of the bacon 's a damnable bounce?  
 Well, suppose it a bounce, sure a poet may try  
 By a bounce now and then to get courage to fly.

While thus I debated in reverie centred,  
 An acquaintance, a friend as he call'd himself, enter'd ;  
 An under-bred fine-spoken fellow was he,  
 And he smiled as he look'd at the venison and me.  
 ‘ What have we got here ?—why, this is good eating !  
 Your own, I suppose—or is it in waiting ? ’  
 Why, whose should it be ? ’ cried I with a founce,

' I get these things often : ' (but that was a bounce :)  
 ' Some lords, my acquaintance, that settle the nation,  
 Are pleased to be kind ; but I hate ostentation.'

" ' If that be the case, then,' cried he, very gay,  
 ' I 'm glad I have taken this house in my way.  
 To-morrow you take a poor dinner with me ;  
 No words—I insist on 't—precisely at three.  
 We 'll have Johnson and Burke ; all the wits will be there ;  
 My acquaintance is slight, or I 'd ask my Lord Clare.  
 And now that I think on 't, as I am a sinner,  
 We wanted this venison to make out the dinner.  
 What say you—a pasty ; it shall and it must ;  
 And my wife, little Kitty, is famous for crust.  
 Here, porter, this venison with me to Mile-end ;  
 No stirring, I beg, *my dear friend, my dear friend.*  
 Thus snatching his hat, he brush'd off like the wind,  
 And the porter and eatables follow'd behind.

" Left alone to reflect, having emptied my shelf,  
 And ' nobody with me at sea but myself,'  
 Though I could not help thinking my gentleman hasty,  
 Yet Johnson, and Burke, and a good venison pasty,  
 Were things that I never disliked in my life,  
 Though clogg'd with a coxcomb and Kitty his wife.  
 So next day in due splendour, to make my approach,  
 I drove to his door *in my own hackney coach.*

" When come to the place where we all were to dine,  
 (A chair-lumber'd closet, just twelve feet by nine,)  
 My friend made me welcome, but struck me quite dumb  
 With tidings that Johnson and Burke would not come ;  
 ' For I knew it,' he cried ; ' both eternally fail,  
 The one with his speeches and t'other with Thrale ;

But no matter. I'll warrant we'll make up the party  
 With two full as clever, and ten times as hearty.  
 The one is a Scotsman, the other a Jew ;  
 They're both of them merry, and *authors like you.*'

While thus he described them by trade and by name,  
 They enter'd, and dinner was served as they came.

"At the top a fried liver and bacon were seen,  
 At the bottom was tripe in a swinging tureen ;  
 At the sides there was spinnage and pudding made hot ;  
 In the middle a place where the pasty—*was not.*  
 Now, my lord, as for tripe, it's my utter aversion,  
 And your bacon I hate like a Turk or a Persian :  
 So there I sat stuck, like a horse in a pound,  
 While the bacon and liver went merrily round :  
 But what vex'd me most, was that d—n'd Scottish rogue,  
 With his long-winded speeches, his smiles and his brogue,  
 And 'Madam,' quoth he, 'may this bit be my poison,  
 A prettier dinner I never set eyes on.  
 Pray a slice of your liver ; though may I be curst,  
 But I've eat of your tripe till I'm ready to burst.'

"'The tripe !' quoth the Jew, with his *chocolate* cheek,  
 'I could dine on this tripe seven days in the week :  
 I like these here dinners so pretty and small ;  
 But your friend there, the doctor, eats nothing at all.'

"'Oh, oh !' quoth my friend, 'he'll come on in a trice,  
 He's keeping a corner for something that's nice :

There 's a pasty.' 'A pasty!' repeated the Jew ;  
 'I don't care if I keep a corner for 't too.'  
 'What the de'il, mon, a pasty!' re-echo'd the Scot ;  
 'Though splitting, I 'll still keep a corner for *that*.'  
 'We 'll all keep a corner,' the lady cried out ;  
 'We 'll all keep a corner,' was echo'd about.  
 While thus we resolved, and the pasty delay'd,  
 With looks that quite petrified, enter'd the maid.

But we quickly found out, for who could mistake her ?  
 That she came with some terrible news from the baker.  
 And so it turn'd out ; for that negligent sloven  
 Had shut out the pasty on shutting his oven.  
 Sad Philomel thus—but let similes drop—  
 And now that I think on't, the story may stop.  
 To be plain, my good lord, it's but labour misplaced  
 To send such good verses to one of your taste ;  
 You 've got an odd something—a kind of discerning—  
 A relish,—a taste,—sicken'd over by learning ;  
 At least, it's your temper, as very well known,  
 That you think very slightly of things all your own:  
 So, perhaps, in your habits of thinking amiss,  
*You may make a mistake, and think slightly of this.*"

In my somewhat wide definition of wit, I said it was the faculty of discerning opposite relations in words or things ;—it is the power, in fact, of surprising, by discovering unlooked-for distinctions ; of suggesting quaint contrasts, or fancifully striking out unexpected ideas ; but of which the peculiar



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 While the bacon and liver went merrily round:  
 But what vex'd me most, was that d—'d Scottish  
 With his long winded speeches, his smiles and his lies:  
 And 'Madam,' quoth he, 'may this bit be my poison,  
 A prettier dinner I never set eyes on.  
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 You'll eat of your tripe till I'm ready to burst."

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 And your friend there, the doctor, eats nothing at all.

"I'll eat of your tripe seven days in the week,"  
 He's trying a dinner for me, that's a good one!"



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force (thus differing from humour) owes nothing of its point to anything that is merely ludicrous in the circumstances themselves; as in Douglas Jerrold's witticism, when he observed at a party a doctor, in solemn black, waltzing with a young lady who was dressed in a silk of the most brilliant blue. "As I live," said Jerrold, "there's a blue pill dancing with a black draught!" Now, certainly, the whole force of this witticism lies in the remark alone, for there could have been nothing really funny in the sight of two persons dancing together. Very different from this—to turn, for a moment, from wit to humour, in order, as to were, to clench the distinction I have drawn between the two—more humorous than witty is his master's suggestion of consolation to Sancho Panza after he had been well beaten: for there the point lies in poor Sancho's unfortunate and extremely humiliating situation.

"The reason, Sancho," said Don Quixotte, "why thou feelst that pain all down thy back is, that the stick which gave it thee was of a length to that extent."

"Gad's my life!" exclaimed Sancho, impatiently, "as if I could not guess that of my own head! The question is, how am I to get rid of it?"

Douglas Jerrold was remarkable for the quickness of his repartees, some of which I will cite as instances of what I have observed of wit. Thus, on one occasion in the midst of a stormy discussion, a gentleman rose to settle the dispute. Waving his hands majestically over the excited disputants, he began: "Gentlemen, all I want is common sense." "Exactly," interrupted Jerrold; "that is precisely what you *do* want."

Again, when the Marylebone vestrymen—but, I dare say, you have heard this witticism before; and though it is attributed to Douglas Jerrold, I rather doubt its being his,—but when the Marylebone vestrymen were discussing the propriety of laying down wood pavement within their parish, and were raising difficulties on the subject, Jerrold, as he read the account of the discussion, said, or is reported to have said, "Difficulties in the way! Absurd! They have only to put their heads together, and there *is* the wood pavement."

A repartee, thoroughly Jerroldonian, was elicited from the humorist by a well-known spendthrift, who was one day driving a very fine pair of grays, when he met Jerrold. "What do you think of my grays?" he asked his friend. "To tell you the

truth," replied the wit, "I was just then thinking of your duns."

An author, exceedingly indignant on hearing that Jerrold had passed some severe reflections on a work he had just published, observed to his critic, "I hear you said it was the worst book I ever wrote."

"No, I didn't," replied Jerrold: "I said it was the worst book anybody ever wrote."

Another author, who had written two books, one of which he had named "Schism," and the other "Repentance," wrote to Douglas Jerrold to ask him to subscribe for a couple of copies. "You may put me down for 'Schism,' wrote Jerrold in reply, "but I would advise you to keep 'Repentance' for your publishers and readers."

"Titles," said Jerrold once, "to be the real thing, should be like potatoes, and turn up with a lot of land about 'em."

A literary friend of his, who was a comic writer, and a comic writer only, one day remarked to Jerrold, "We row in the same boat, you know." "True, my good fellow," was the answer, "we do row in the same boat; but with very different skulls."

These instances, I consider, are very fair illustrations of the definition I have given you of wit:—

that it is entirely independent of situation, and is keen and telling, just in proportion as the existence of a wholly unlooked-for and yet positive relationship between opposite ideas is suddenly apprehended, and tersely and lucidly expressed. We have an admirable example of the quality, as thus defined, in Pope's verses on the character of Addison, every line of which, and almost every word,—the two first lines eminently so,—strikingly illustrate that peculiar attribute I have assigned to wit, of forcibly presenting a contrast of ideas. Thus :—

“ A man's true merit is not hard to find ;  
*But each man's secret standard in his mind*  
*(That casting-weight pride adds to emptiness)*  
*This, who can gratify ? for who can guess ?*

He, who still wanting, though he lives on theft,  
 Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left ;  
 And he who now to sense, now nonsense leaning,  
 Means not, but blunders round about a meaning ;  
 And he whose fustian's so sublimely bad,  
 It is not poetry, but *prose run mad* ;  
 All these my modest satire bade translate,  
 And own'd that nine such poets made a Tate.  
 How did they fume, and stamp, and roar, and chafe,  
 And swear not Addison himself was safe !

Peace to all such ! But were there one whose fires  
 True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires ;

Blest with each talent and each art to please,  
 And born to write, converse, and live with ease ;  
 Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,  
 Bear like the Turk no brother near the throne ;  
 View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,  
 And hate for arts that caused himself to rise ;  
 Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,  
 And without sneering teach the rest to sneer ;  
 Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike ;  
 Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike ;  
 Alike reserved to blame, or to commend,  
 A timorous foe and a suspicious friend ;  
 Dreading e'en fools, by flatterers besieged,  
*And so obliging, that he ne'er obliged ;*

*Who but must laugh, if such a man there be ?  
 Who would not weep, if Atticus were he ?*"

Wit, as my last citation tends to show, has its  
 grave as well as its humorous side, especially when  
 it takes the form of satire, as, again, in some of  
 Pope's lines on the ruling passion :—

"In this one passion man can strength enjoy,  
 As fits give vigour just when they destroy.  
 Time, that on all things lays his lenient hand,  
 Yet tames not this ; it sticks to our last sand.  
 Consistent in our follies and our sins,  
 Here honest nature ends as she begins.  
 Old politicians chew on wisdom past,  
 And totter on in business to the last,

As weak, as earnest, and as gravely out,  
As sober Lanesb'row dancing in the gout.

The courtier smooth, who forty years had shined  
An humble servant to all human kind,  
Just brought out this, when scarce his tongue could stir :  
' If—where I'm going—I could serve you, sir ?'  
' I give and I devise ' (old Euclio said,  
And sigh'd) ' my lands and tenements to Ned.'  
' Your money, sir ! ' My money, sir ! what all !  
Why, if I must—(then wept)—I give it Paul.'  
' The manor, sir ! ' ' The manor ! hold ! ' he cried ;  
' Not that,—I cannot part with that '—and died."

If I have not already wearied you with my several instances of wit and humour, I will now venture to touch the pathetic chord ; but I shall assuredly, in giving you instances of pathos, trespass again on the domain of humour ; for there is often, as I have observed already, a very strict and near relationship between the pathetic and the humorous. For example, we have a grave instance of the latter in the character of King John, as it is drawn by Shakspeare,—arising from the remarkable contrast between the king's villanous design of murdering Prince Arthur, and the abject fear he exhibits when, believing the deed has been accomplished, he dreads its effect upon the barons, who



have openly charged him with the assassination of his nephew. No sooner have they left his presence, than King John says,—

“They burn in indignation ; *I repent.*”

But though the despicable cowardice of the monarch,—the mean and wretched subterfuges to which he has recourse, in order to screen his own share in the business, border on the ludicrous, still I know not, in all the range of poetry, a more striking illustration of the close affinity that humour has to pathos, than is furnished by Hubert's interview with his Sovereign after the supposed accomplishment of Arthur's death. Where an inferior artist would have given us a mere humorous account of the tyrant's miserable fears, Shakspeare raises the ridiculous to the very height of the sublime, when he shows us the king, abandoned by the barons, who are in arms against him, uttering his fierce and vehement denunciations of his accomplice for having listened to his own sinister suggestion of murdering the prince. But I forbear to cite the scene I speak of, for I could not do justice to it without calling your attention (and it would be taxing it too much to

read them both) to that scene in which the king first darkly hints to his sympathizing friend the idea of the murder. In that earlier interview between the monarch and the courtier, we have a masterly description of the character of King John; in whom ferocity is combined with feebleness—daring wickedness with consummate craft—relentless animosity with a self-seeking, calculating cowardice—an unctuous longing for his nephew's blood with a pitiful shrinking from the consequences of shedding it—low-minded cunning with conscience-stricken imbecility.

ACT III. SCENE 3rd.

*Enter KING JOHN, ELINOR, ARTHUR, HUBERT.*

**KING JOHN** : Hubert, keep this boy :

Cousin, look not sad.

*[To Arthur.*

**Thy grandam loves thee, and thy uncle will**

**As dear be to thee as thy father was.**

**ARTHUR** : O, this will make my mother die with grief.

**ELINOR** : Come hither, little kinsman ; hark, a word.

*[She takes Arthur aside.*

**KING JOHN** : Come hither, Hubert. O, my gentle Hubert,

We owe thee much ; within this wall of flesh  
 There is a soul counts thee her creditor,  
 And with advantage means to pay thy love :  
 And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath  
 Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.  
 Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,  
 But I will fit it with some better time.  
 By heaven, Hubert, I am almost ashamed  
 To say what good respect I have of thee.

HUBERT : I am much bounden to your majesty.

KING JOHN : Good friend, thou hast no cause to say  
 so yet ;

But thou shalt have ; and creep time ne'er so slow,  
 Yet it shall come, for me to do thee good.  
 I had a thing to say. But let it go :  
 The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,  
 Attended with the pleasures of the world,  
 Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds,  
 To give me audience. If the midnight bell  
 Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,  
 Sound one unto the drowsy race of night ;  
 If this same were a church-yard where we stand,  
 And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs ;  
 Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,  
 Had baked thy blood, and made it heavy, thick ;  
 (Which, else, runs tickling up and down the veins,  
 Making the idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes,  
 And strain their cheeks to idle merriment—  
 A passion hateful to my purposes :)  
 Or if that thou could 'st see me without eyes,  
 Hear me without thine ears, and make reply

Without a tongue, using conceit alone,  
 Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words ;  
 Then, in despite of brooded watchful day,  
 I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts :  
 But ah, I will not : yet I love thee well ;  
 And, by my troth, I think, thou lov'st me well.

HUBERT : So well, that what you bid me undertake,  
 Though that my death were adjunct to my act,  
 By heaven, I 'd do it.

KING JOHN : Do not I know thou would'st ?  
 Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye  
 On yon young boy. I 'll tell thee what, my friend :  
 He is a very serpent in my way ;  
 And, wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,  
 He lies before me. Dost thou understand me ?  
 Thou art his keeper.

HUBERT : And I will keep him so,  
 That he shall not offend your majesty.

KING JOHN : Death.

HUBERT : My lord ?

KING JOHN : A grave.

HUBERT : He shall not live.

KING JOHN : Enough.

I could be merry now : Hubert, I love thee.  
 Well, I 'll not say what I intend for thee :  
 Remember !

Leaving King John, to turn to another, and perhaps the grandest of Shakspeare's plays, I will now cite a few of those marvellous passages of the deepest pathos with which the drama of Macbeth abounds.

If only on ethical grounds, it is difficult, in a lecture on the subject of pathos, to refrain from all allusion to the tragedy of Macbeth, in which the character of the hero, as portrayed by Shakspeare,—that of a man, with really noble instincts, falling into crime,—conveys a lesson of the highest and most practical description. It has been said that there was a total absence in Macbeth of all generous and sympathetic feeling; that he was utterly dead to pity and remorse. No statement can be more contrary to the fact. It is refuted by his inward struggles with the murderous thought that stirred within him after the all-hail of the witches :

“Hail, Macbeth ! that shalt be king hereafter,”—

struggles powerfully depicted in the soliloquy which the hero uttered when the prediction of the Weird Sisters, that he should become Thane of Cawdor, had been as unexpectedly, as it was suddenly, fulfilled. Pondering the words of the unearthly visitors, Macbeth says :—

“ This supernatural soliciting  
 Cannot be ill ; cannot be good :—If ill,  
 Why hath it given me earnest of success,  
 Commencing in a truth ! I am Thane of Cawdor.

If good, why do I yield to that suggestion  
 Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,  
 And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,  
 Against the use of nature ?  
 My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,  
 Shakes so my single state of man, that function  
 Is smother'd in surmise ; and nothing is,  
 But what is not."

Again, the dictates of a better nature are visible in his soliloquy before the murder, and in his interview, following his self-communings, with Lady Macbeth. It is thus that he speaks of the gracious Duncan :—

“ He ’s here in double trust :  
 First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,  
 Strong both against the deed ; then, as his host,  
 Who should against his murderer shut the door,  
 Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan  
 Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been  
 So clear in his great office, that his virtues  
 Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against  
 The deep damnation of his taking off.”

He adds,—

“ I have no spur  
 To prick the sides of my intent, but only  
 Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,  
 And falls on the other.”

When Lady Macbeth enters, he continues :—

“ We will proceed no further in this business :  
 He hath honour'd me of late, and I have bought  
 Golden opinions from all sorts of people,  
 Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,  
 Not cast aside so soon.”

Lady Macbeth replies,—

“ Was the hope drunk,  
 Wherein you dress'd yourself ? hath it slept since ?  
 And wakes it now, to look so green and pale  
 At what it did so freely ? . . . .  
 . . . . Would'st thou have that  
 Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,  
 And live a coward in thine own esteem,  
 Letting I dare not wait upon I would,  
 Like the poor cat i' the adage ?”

MACBETH : Pr'ythee peace.  
 I dare do all that may become a man ;  
 Who dares do more, is none.”

After the murder, Macbeth, looking at his hands,  
 exclaims,

“ This is a sorry sight !  
 LADY MACBETH : A foolish thought, to say a sorry  
 sight.  
 MACBETH : There's one did laugh in his sleep, and one  
 cried murder.  
 That they did wake each other ; I stood and heard them :

But they did say their prayers, and address'd them  
Again to sleep.

LADY MACBETH : There are two lodged together.

MACBETH : One cried, God bless us! and Amen, the  
other ;

As they had seen me, with these hangman's hands,  
Listening their fear. I could not say, Amen,  
When they did say, God bless us.

LADY MACBETH : Consider it not so deeply.

MACBETH : But wherefore could not I pronounce,  
Amen ?

I had most need of blessing, and amen  
Stuck in my throat.

LADY MACBETH : These deeds must not be thought  
After these ways ; so it will make us mad.

MACBETH : Methought I heard a voice cry, Sleep no  
more !

Macbeth does murder sleep, the innocent sleep ;  
Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,  
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,  
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,  
Chief nourisher in life's feast.

LADY MACBETH : What do you mean ?

MACBETH : Still it cried, Sleep no more ! to all the  
house.

Glamis hath murder'd sleep ; and therefore Cawdor  
Shall sleep no more ; Macbeth shall sleep no more !”

Surely these passages show that it is not Macbeth  
who is dead to pity and remorse, but the heroine of  
the drama,—Lady Macbeth herself, who goads her



husband into crime through her resolute persistence in the scheme of assassination ; the almost super-human energy of her own indomitable will.

Since Mr. Macready closed his theatrical career, we have had no tragedian to conceive that carefully-developed and clearly-defined idea which should inform and animate a great actor's personation of Macbeth ; and without which the actor necessarily fails to harmonize with the eternal verities of nature that marvellous depicting of dramatic contrasts which Shakspeare has so finely elaborated in his grand conception of a man in whom physical courage is joined with moral weakness, and kindly sympathies and noble impulses are seen in antagonism with a fatuous infirmity of purpose ;—one whom, when dark suggestions have been supernaturally addressed to the ambitious aspirations of the renowned chieftain, we see yielding to allurements that dazzle his imagination, less from callousness of heart than a pitiful weakness of principle ; less from the innate promptings of a vicious nature than a moral incapacity to withstand the metaphysical subtleties that enthralled his intellect, and the all-evil influence of the partner of his crime who overbore and stifled the whisperings of conscience.

Although I have detained you, I fear, too long with my various illustrations of Shaksperian pathos, I am yet anxious to read from "As you like it," as an example of pathos, a passage which Shakspeare ventured to put into the mouth of the melancholy Jaques. Jaques is indulging in his usual vein of melancholy retrospection, and his reflections, in the instance I refer to, are awakened by the sufferings of a wounded deer. I say that the writer of those philosophic although thoroughly sentimental meditations did not venture to bring them prominently forward, because in those times of greater violence and wrong, when compared with ours, in which the poet lived, they were certain to be looked upon as both weak and foolish by the robust sciences and stronger-minded natures of Shakspeare's day. Not that, even now, the race of overstrong-minded people are entirely extinct, who look upon the slightest exhibition of feeling as a weakness, on the smallest demonstration of sympathy and pity as mawkishly sentimental. But to return: Shakspeare was beyond his age, not only in the splendour of his conceptions, and in the depth and largeness of his wisdom, but in the tender sensibility of his nature, in his glorious human sympathy with

every living thing. He constantly inculcates in his pages the great doctrine of a large philanthropy ; it was he who so finely wrote :—

“The poor beetle that we tread upon,  
In corporal suffrance, finds a pang as great  
As when a giant dies.”

Nor are his lessons in humanity less useful to us now than when Shakspeare wrote ; for God having given us power over those of His creatures which we call the dumb animals, that power is largely entrusted to those who have the care of the noblest and, perhaps, the most useful of them all, the horse ; and the most faithful, loving, and sagacious, the dog. The latter, even after cruel and unjust treatment, will lick the inflicting hand in token of reconciliation : and think not injustice, cruelty, or even thoughtlessness are crimes unregistered in heaven, or that they always terminate in offences towards dumb animals ; for, brutalizing the minds of those who practise them, they often prepare the way for more heinous sins against humanity itself. The sovereign rule is, never to inflict unnecessary pain ; the animals destined for our food bleed for us : is not this enough ? *They* have no

appeal from *their* wrongs but to that to which none of us are insensible—the voice of conscience, which shall ruthlessly pursue those who abuse the gifts of God, by wantonly ill-treating His creatures.

The following is the passage of which I spoke :—

1 LORD : To-day, my Lord of Amiens and myself,  
 Did steal behind him, as he lay along  
 Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out  
 Upon the brook that brawls along this wood,  
 To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,  
 That from the hunters' aim had ta'en a hurt,  
 Did come to languish ; and, indeed, my lord,  
 The wretched animal heaved forth such groans,  
 That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat  
 Almost to bursting ; and the big round tears  
 Coursed one another down his innocent nose  
 In piteous chase ; and thus the hairy fool,  
 Much mark'd of the melancholy Jaques,  
 Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,  
 Augmenting it with tears.

DUKE S. : But what said Jaques ?  
 Did he not moralize this spectacle ?

1 LORD : O, yes, into a thousand similies,—  
 First for his weeping in the needless stream ;  
 Poor deer, quoth he, thou mak'st a testament,  
 As worldings do, giving thy sum of more  
 To that which had too much ; then, being alone,  
 Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends,  
 'Tis right, quoth he ; this misery doth part

The flux of company. Anon, a careless herd,  
 Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,  
 And never stays to greet him. Ay, quoth Jaques,  
 Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens ;  
 'Tis just the fashion. Wherefore do you look  
 Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there ?  
 Thus most invectively he pierceth through  
 The body of the country, city, court,  
 Yea, and of this our life, swearing that we  
 Are mere usurpers, tyrants and what's worse,  
 To fright the animals, and to kill them up,  
 In their assign'd and native dwelling-place."

I shall conclude with quotations from two stories from the Ingoldsby Legends,—one in illustration of the purely humorous ; the other of humour and pathos combined. The first is named "Misadventures at Margate :"—

"'Twas in Margate last July, I walk'd upon the pier,  
 I saw a little vulgar Boy. I said, 'What make you  
 here ?  
 The gloom upon your youthful cheek speaks anything but  
 joy ;'  
 Again I said, 'What make you here, you little vulgar  
 Boy ?'

He frown'd, that little vulgar Boy ; he deem'd I meant  
 to scoff,  
 And when the little heart is big, a little 'sets it off ;'

He put his finger in his mouth, his little bosom rose ;  
He had no little handkerchief to wipe his little nose.

' Hark ! ' don't you hear, my little man ?—it's striking  
Nine, ' I said,  
' An hour when all good little boys and girls should be in  
bed.  
Run home and get your supper, else your Ma will scold—  
Oh ! fie !  
It's very wrong indeed for little boys to stand and cry ! '

The tear-drop in his little eye again began to spring,  
His bosom throbb'd with agony,—he cried like anything !  
I stoop'd, and thus amidst his sobs I heard him murmur,  
' Ah !  
I haven't got no supper ! and I haven't got no Ma ! '—

My father, he is on the seas, my mother 's dead and  
gone,  
And I am here, on this here pier, to roam the world  
alone.  
I have not had, this live-long day, one drop to cheer my  
heart,  
Nor *brown* to buy a bit of bread with,—let alone a tart.

' If there's a soul will give me food, or find me in employ,  
By day or night, then blow me tight ! ' (he was a vulgar  
Boy ;) .  
' And now I 'm here, from this here pier it is my fix'd  
intent  
To jump, as Mister Levi did, from off the Monu-ment. '

‘Cheer up! cheer up! my little man—cheer up!’ I  
kindly said;

‘You are a naughty Boy to take such things into your  
head:

If you should jump from off the pier, you’d surely break  
your legs,

Perhaps your neck—then Bogey’d have you, sure as eggs  
are eggs!

Come home with me, my little man, come home with me  
and sup;

My landlady is Mrs. Jones—we must not keep her up.  
There’s roast potatoes at the fire, enough for me and  
you:

Come home, you little vulgar Boy—I lodge at Number 2.’

I took him home to Number 2, the house beside ‘The  
Foy.’

I bade him wipe his dirty shoes,—that little vulgar Boy;  
And then I said to Mistress Jones, the kindest of her  
sex,

‘Pray be so good as go and fetch a pint of double X!’

But Mrs. Jones was rather cross, she made a little noise,  
She said she ‘did not like to wait on little vulgar Boys.’  
She with her apron wiped the plates, and, as she rubb’d  
the delf,

Said I might ‘go to Jericho, and fetch my beer myself!’

I did not go to Jericho—I went to Mr. Cobb—

I changed a shilling—(which in town the people call ‘a  
Bob’)—

It was not so much for myself as for that vulgar child—  
And I said, 'A pint of double X, and please to draw it  
mild!'—

When I came back I gazed about ; I gazed on stool and  
chair ;  
I could not see my little friend, because he was not  
there !  
I peep'd beneath the table-cloth, beneath the sofa too,  
I said, ' You little vulgar Boy ! why, what's become of  
you ? '

I could not see my table-spoons ; I look'd, but could not  
see  
The little fiddle-pattern'd ones I use when I'm at tea ;  
I could not see my sugar-tongs—my silver watch—oh,  
dear !  
I know 'twas on the mantel-piece when I went out for  
beer.

I could not see my Macintosh—it was not to be seen—  
Nor yet my best white beaver hat, broad-brimm'd and  
lined with green ;  
My carpet-bag—my cruet-stand, that holds my sauce and  
soy,—  
My roast potatoes—all are gone—and so 's that vulgar  
Boy !

I rang the bell for Mrs. Jones, for she was down below :  
Oh, Mrs. Jones ! what *do* you think ?—ain't this a pretty  
go ?



That horrid little vulgar Boy whom I brought here to-  
 night,  
 He 's stolen my things and run away!' Says she, 'And  
 sarve you right!'

Next morning I was up betimes; I sent the crier round,  
 All with his bell and gold-laced hat, to say I'd give a  
 pound  
 To find that little vulgar Boy, who'd gone and used mese;  
 But when the crier, cried, 'O Yes!' the people cried, 'O  
 No!'

I went to 'Jarvis' Landing-place,' the glory of the town,  
 There was a common sailor-man a-walking up and down.  
 I told my tale; he seem'd to think I'd not been treated well,  
 And call'd me 'Poor old Buffer!'—what that means I  
 cannot tell.

That sailor-man, he said he'd seen that morning on the  
 shore  
 A son of—something—'twas a name I'd never heard  
 before,  
 A little 'gallows-looking chap'—dear me; what could he  
 mean?  
 With a 'carpet-swab' and 'muckingtogs,' and a hat  
 turn'd up with green.

He spoke about his 'precious eyes,' and said he'd seen  
 him sheer;

It's very odd that sailor-men should talk so very queer ;  
 And then he hitch'd his trowsers up, as is, I'm told, their  
 use ;  
 It's very odd that sailor-men should wear those things so  
 loose.

I did **not** understand him well, but think he meant to  
 say  
 He'd seen that little vulgar Boy that morning swim away  
 In Captain Large's Royal George, about an hour before,  
 And they were now, as he supposed, ' *somewheres*' about  
 the Nore.

A landsman said, ' I *twig* the chap—he 's been upon the  
 Mill—  
 And 'cause he *gammons* so the *flats*, ve calls him Veeping  
 Bill !'  
 He said, ' he 'd done me wery brown,' and nicely *stow'd*  
 the *swag* :  
 That 's French, I fancy, for a hat—or else a carpet-bag.

I went and told the constable my property to track ;  
 He asked me if ' I did not wish that I might get it back ?  
 I answer'd, ' To be sure I do !—it's what I 'm come  
 about.  
 He smiled and said, ' Sir, does your mother know that you  
 are out ? '

Not knowing what to do, I thought I 'd hasten back to  
 town,  
 And beg our own Lord Mayor to catch the Boy who 'd  
 ' done me brown.'

His Lordship very kindly said he 'd try and find him out,  
But he 'rather thought that there were several vulgar  
Boys about.'

He sent for Mr. Withair then, and I described 'the swag,'  
My Macintosh, my sugar-tongs, my spoons, and carpet-bag ;  
He promised that the New Police should all their powers  
employ ;  
But never to this hour have I beheld that vulgar Boy !"

The other story I referred to is called "The  
Execution :"—

"My Lord Tomnoddy got up one day ;  
It was half after two,  
He had nothing to do,  
So his Lordship rang for his cabriolet.  
Tiger Tim  
Was clean of limb,  
His boots were polish'd, his jacket was trim ;  
With a very smart tie in his smart cravat,  
And a smart cockade on the top of his hat ;  
Tallest of boys, or shortest of men,  
He stood in his stockings just four foot ten ;  
And he ask'd, as he held the door on the swing,  
' Pray, did your Lordship please to ring !'

My Lord Tomnoddy he raised his head,  
And thus to Tiger Tim he said,  
' Malibran's dead,  
Duvernay's fled,  
Taglioni has not yet arrived in her stead ;

**Tiger Tim, come tell me true,  
What may a Nobleman find to do !'**

**Tim look'd up, and Tim look'd down,  
He paused, and he put on a thoughtful frown,  
And he held up his hat, and he peep'd in the crown ;  
He bit his lip, and he scratch'd his head,  
He let go the handle, and thus he said,  
As the door, released, behind him bang'd,—  
' An't please you, my Lord, there's a man to be hang'd.**

**My Lord Tomnoddy jump'd up at the news :**

**' Run to M'Fuze,  
And Lieutenant Tregooze,**

**And run to Sir Carnaby Jenks, of the Blues.**

**Rope-dancers a score**

**I've seen before—**

**Madame Sacchi, Antonio, and Master Black-more ;**

**But to see a man swing**

**At the end of a string,**

**With his neck in a noose, will be quite a new thing !'**

**My Lord Tomnoddy stept into his cab—**

**Dark rifle green, with a lining of drab ;**

**Through street and through square,**

**His high-trotting mare,**

**Like one of Ducrow's, goes pawing the air.**

**Adown Piccadilly and Waterloo Place**

**Went the high-trotting mare at a very quick pace ;**

**She produced some alarm,**

**But did no great harm,**

**Save frightening a nurse with a child on her arm,**

Spattering with clay  
 Two urchins at play,  
 Knocking down—very much to the sweeper's dismay—  
 An old woman who wouldn't get out of the way,  
     And upsetting a stall  
     Near Exeter Hall,  
 Which made all the pious Church-Mission folks squall.  
     But eastward afar,  
     Through Temple Bar,  
 My Lord Tomnoddy directs his car ;  
     Never heeding their squalls,  
     Or their calls, or their bawls,  
 He passes by Waithman's Emporium for shawls,  
 And, merely just catching a glimpse of St. Paul's,  
     Turns down the Old Bailey,  
     Where, in front of the gaol, he  
 Pulls up at the door of the gin-shop, and gaily  
 Cries, ' What must I fork out to-night, my trump,  
 For the whole first floor of the Magpie and Stump ? '

The clock strikes Twelve—it is dark midnight—  
 Yet the Magpie and Stump is one blaze of light.  
     The parties are met,  
     The tables are set ;  
 There is ' punch,' ' cold *without*,' ' hot *with*,' ' heavy wet,'  
     Ale-glasses and jugs,  
     And rummers and mugs,  
 And sand on the floor, without carpets or rugs,  
     Cold fowl and cigars,  
     Pickled onions in jars,  
 Welsh rabbits and kidneys—rare work for the jaws !—  
 And very large lobsters, with very large claws ;

And there is M'Fuze,  
 And Lieutenant Tregooze,  
 And there is Sir Carnaby Jenks, of the Blues,  
 All come to see a man 'die in his shoes !'

The clock strikes One !  
 Supper is done,  
 And Sir Carnaby Jenks is full of his fun,  
 Singing ' Jolly companions every one !'  
 My Lord Tomnoddy  
 Is drinking gin-toddy,  
 And laughing at everything, and every body.—  
 The clock strikes Two ! and the clock strikes Three !  
 ' Who so merry, so merry as we ?'  
 Save Captain M'Fuze,  
 Who is taking a snooze,  
 While Sir Carnaby Jenks is busy at work,  
 Blacking his nose with a piece of burnt cork.

The clock strikes Four !  
 Round the debtor's door  
 Are gather'd a couple of thousand or more,  
 As many await  
 At the press-yard gate,  
 Till slowly its folding doors open, and straight  
 The mob divides, and between their ranks  
 A waggon comes loaded with posts and with planks.  
 The clock strikes Five !  
 The Sheriffs arrive,  
 And the crowd is so great, that the street seems alive,  
 But Sir Carnaby Jenks  
 Blinks, and Winks,

Lieutenant Tregooze  
 Is dreaming of Jews,  
 And acceptances all the bill-brokers refuse ;  
 My Lord Tomnoddy  
 Has drunk all his toddy,  
 And just as the dawn is beginning to peep,  
 The whole of the party are fast asleep.

Sweetly, oh ! sweetly, the morning breaks,  
 With roseate streaks,  
 Like the first faint blush on a maiden's cheeks ;  
 Seem'd as that mild and clear blue sky  
 Smiled upon all things far and nigh,  
 On all—save the wretch condemn'd to die !  
 Alack ! that ever so fair a sun  
 As that which its course has now begun  
 Should rise on such a scene of misery !—  
 Should gild with rays so light and free  
 That dismal, dark-frowning gallows-tree !

And hark !—a sound comes, big with fate ;  
 The clock from St. Sepulchre's tower strikes **Eight** !—  
 List to that low funeral bell :  
 It is tolling, alas ! a living man's knell !—  
 And see !—from forth that opening door  
 They come—HE steps that threshold o'er  
 Who never shall tread upon threshold more !  
 God ! 'tis a fearsome thing to see  
 That pale wan man's mute agony,—  
 The glare of that wild, despairing eye,  
 Now bent on the crowd, now turn'd to the sky,  
 As though 'twere scanning, in doubt and in fear,

The path of the spirit's unknown career ;  
 Those pinion'd arms, those hands that ne'er  
 Shall be lifted again, not even in prayer ;  
 That heaving chest !—Enough—'tis done—  
 The bolt has fallen !—the spirit is gone—  
 For weal or for woe is known but to One !—  
 Oh ! 'twas a fearsome sight !—Ah me !  
 A deed to shudder at,—not to see.

Again that clock ! 'tis time, 'tis time !  
 The hour is past : with its earliest chime  
 The cord is sever'd, the lifeless clay  
 By 'dungeon villains' is borne away :  
 Nine !—'twas the last concluding stroke !  
 And then—my Lord Tomnoddy awoke !  
 And Tregooze and Sir Carnaby Jenks arose,  
 And Captain M'Fuze, with the black on his nose :  
 And they stared at each other, as much as to say,  
     'Hollo ! Hollo !  
     Here's a rum go !  
 Why, Captain !—my Lord !—Here's the devil to pay :  
 The fellow 's been cut down and taken away !  
     What 's to be done ?  
     We 've miss'd all the fun !  
 Why, they 'll laugh at and quiz us all over the town,  
 We are all of us done so uncommonly brown !'

What *was* to be done ?—'twas perfectly plain  
 That they could not well hang the man over again :  
 What *was* to be done ? The man was dead !  
 Nought *could* be done ? nought could be said ;  
 So—my Lord Tomnoddy went home to bed."



I have endeavoured, in the extracts I have read from different authors, to give to this lecture a kind of double-sided character, and thus—if at the conclusion I may use the metaphor I employed at the commencement—to redeem the promise which I made of giving to my illustrations of the pleasures of reading not less light than shade. I am well aware, did I use the word in a wholly different sense,—in the sense I mean of enlightening you,—that you have not had, for I am not able to give you, sufficient *light*; but with regard to *shade*, doubtless my instances of pathos have been grave enough. Else, it would not have been difficult to have given to this lecture a more sombre character, and a deeper tone; for it needed but more largely to have quoted from the works of Shakspeare, to have shown you the revolting villany of the false Iago—laid bare Othello's breast, with its green-eyed monster jealousy; painted his terrible suspicion of his true wife's guilt,—the horrors of his doubt,—his crime,—and desolate remorse; or I might have sketched the last desperate efforts of Macbeth, fighting against fate, whilst the shadows around him darkened of a fierce and passionate despair—or I might have painted Ophelia with her

sweet soul-penetrating voice; beautiful in her madness; scattering, like the emblems of her withered hopes, her flowers around—or I might have shown you Lear, with his aged, woe-worn form, battling against the elements without, and the still wilder tempest in his own wronged and lacerated heart—or we might have mused with Hamlet over Yorick's skull; Hamlet, who felt there were more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in man's philosophy—but I should have given not only too much shade, but too much length to a lecture already too long, had I thus largely quoted from the works of Shakspeare; the interest of whose pages shall last as long as time endures,—as long as there are minds and hearts to appreciate and to thrill at the conceptions of him who was at once the mightiest of dramatists, the profoundest of philosophers, and the most sublime of poets.

**The End.**

*By the same Author.*

## INAUGURAL ADDRESS,

Delivered at BANSTEAD, at the opening of the  
Reading Rooms in that Village.

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This is a very sensible discourse, delivered by one of the gentry at Banstead, on the opening of some Reading Rooms, provided by Public Subscriptions, to which rich and poor were alike invited, mainly for the benefit of the working classes. Mr. Lambert points out lucidly and forcibly the advantages of a taste for reading, and even eloquently advocates his favourite pursuit. There is nothing of the too usual affectation of writing down to the presumed mental state of his audience. He speaks out like a cultivated man; and such addresses cannot but have a beneficial effect on less cultivated hearers. This movement at Banstead is worthy of being universally followed; and had every village so much care shown for its poorer inhabitants, the humbler portion of society would be greatly benefited and elevated.—From the *Morning Advertiser*, Feb. 16th, 1861.

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This address is exceedingly appropriate. The remarks on Pope's trite and misapplied lines, as to a little learning, will do much towards getting rid of a flippant argument against the diffusion of knowledge.—From the *Weekly Times*, Feb. 17th, 1861.





